OSAGE VALLEY BANNER.

A. FULKERSON & SONS, PUBLISHERS.

TUSCUMBIA, MO., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1880. VOL. II.—NO. 41.

WHERE IS THE SUMMER GONE?

Where, O where is the summer gone?
For the summer is gone to-day;
I heard the crickets at early dawn
In the meadow not far away,
The north wind turns up the forest leaves,
The grass is brown on the lawn;
There's a mournful sigh at the cottage eaves;
O where is the summer gone?

Where is the summer gone, my dear?
We longed to enjoy it so;
We gave to its coming a wishful tear
In the time of the melting snow.
We would climb the hills of emerald green,
We would greet the sun at its dawn;
But, O how busy the months have been,
And now the summer is gone.

Where is the summer gone? O God,
I have kissed here and there a flower,
I have rested a moment upon the sod,
I have felt thy sunshine an hour;
Now the sod is brown and the flower dead,
And the golden light withdrawn;
The frosts of autumn are on my head;
O where is the summer gone?

Where is the summer gone? To-night
There's a hollow sound in the air,
The frosty stars have a wintry light,
There's a spirit step on the stair.
Hark, a baby laugh falls on my ear
Where the portal and darkness yawn,
But the dream is dispelled by a burning tear;
O where is the summer gone?

Where is the summer gone at last?
When the whirling leaves are dead;
And the rustling flowers before the blast
Their frozen petals shed;
When trees are bare and hills are brown,
And storms arise at the dawn;
When the snow-crowned head bends lowly down,
Then where is the summer gone?

The summer is gone to the source of light,
The flowers have gone to sleep,
The flush of youth and manhood's might
No power hath earth to keep.
Then turn, O Earth, to the waiting sun;
Then turn, O Soul, to the dawn;
In the Orient land all days are one,
And there's where the summer is gone.
—*A. T. Worden, in the Rochester Evening Express.*

THE FRENCH CROWN DIAMONDS.

A PRETTY piece of news comes to us from France. M. Turquet, the Minister who has charge of the Department of the Fine Arts, proposes to turn to account the jewels of the French crown for the increase of the public collections of paintings and sculptures.

His plan is to divide these jewels into three classes. The first class, which will include all the jewels having an historical interest, he wishes to deposit at the Museum of the Louvre, open to the inspection of the public. The second class will comprise the stones which have a value as mineralogical specimens, and these he desires to have deposited at the Museum of Mines. The third class, which is much the most numerous, consists of the jewels which have only a commercial value. These he proposes to sell at public auction, and invest the proceeds for the annual purchase of works of art. Every rational being in France approves this excellent scheme, and there is reason to believe that it will be adopted by the National Legislature.

The crown jewels of France were renowned for centuries, and it was thought to be a great concession to the people when, in 1784, the gallery in which they were kept was opened to visitors once a month. Before that time, it was a sort of distinction in France to have been allowed to inspect that wonderful collection, and even afterwards it was not an easy matter to be one of the crowd of monthly visitors.

From an inventory taken in 1791 (which employed twelve men three months), we learn that the collection comprised the following gems: 9,547 diamonds; 513 pearls; 230 rubies, of which 145 were not mounted; 68 topazes not mounted; 150 emeralds, of which 133 were not mounted; 134 sapphires not mounted; and a large number of other gems of various values and colors. The jewels were arranged in eleven cases of large size, in such a way as to exhibit their splendors to the greatest advantage.

Among the diamonds there were four which were celebrated throughout the world, each of which had a history. First, there was the Regent, brought from India early in the last century by Thomas Pitt, and sold in 1717 to the Regent of France, the Duke of Orleans, for $400,000. It weighs a little over 136 carats; and although not the largest, it is considered the finest diamond in existence. The Duke de St. Simon, who persuaded the Regent to buy it, describes it thus in his Memoirs:

"It is of the size of a Queen Claude plum, of a form almost round, of a thickness proportioned to its volume, perfectly white, free from every spot, shade and flaw, of an admirable water, and it weighs more than five hundred grains."

St. Simon adds:

"I applaud myself much for having induced the Regent to make so illustrious a purchase."

It is, indeed, a most beautful object. The reader may be amused with the arguments used by St. Simon to persuade the Regent to buy the diamond. When it was offered for sale, in 1717, the finances of the French Government were in great disorder. The Regent, though he coveted the possession of the jewel for the crown, was dismayed at the price, and refused to buy it; as the King of England had done for the same reason. No one could look at it without wishing to put it in his pocket and carry it home; but two millions of francs was a very large sum in those times, not less, I think, in purchasing power, than the same number of our gold dollars of to-day. The King of France then was Louis XV., a little boy seven years old, and not very robust. St. Simon, however, saw the child with the eyes of a Duke of the old *regime*, and he reasoned thus:

"I agreed with Law (who also advised the purchase) that it did not become the grandeur of the King of France to allow himself to be frustrated by the price of an object which was unique in the world, and inestimable; and that the greater the number of potentates who had not dared to think of it, the more we ought to beware of letting it escape us. The Regent feared to be blamed for making a purchase so considerable at a time when we could scarcely meet necessities the most pressing, and when we were obliged to leave so many people unpaid. I praised this sentiment; but I told him that he ought not to act for the greatest King in Europe as he would for a private individual. It was his duty to consider the honor of the crown, and not permit the chance to escape of procuring a diamond without price, which obliterated those of all Europe. I maintained that it would be a glory for his regency which would last forever."

He said, also, that the finances were in so bad a condition that two or three million francs more or less would make no difference. He prevailed at length, although the Regent was obliged to buy the gem on credit and give the merchant a pledge of two million francs' worth of smaller crown jewels until the price was paid. The prediction of the Duke de St. Simon, that the Regent would be remembered chiefly through the purchase of the jewel, appears to have come true. The fact that this splendid object is called the Regent does more to perpetuate his memory than any other act of his careless and bad administration. People in general would scarcely know that France had ever had a Regent but for the diamond, which to this day retains its rank as the finest jewel in the world.

Another of the great diamonds was called the Sancy. It resembled a pendulum in form, was very pure and brilliant, weighed thirty-three carats, and was valued at two hundred thousand dollars. Another was styled the Mirror of Portugal, oblong in shape, extremely white and clear, weighing twenty-one carats, and was valued at fifty thousand dollars. The fourth in value, called the Tithe of Mazarin, was square in form with rounded edges, splendidly brilliant, weighing sixteen carats, and worth ten thousand dollars. There were also some wonderful pearls and rubies. The most noted pearl weighed twenty-seven carats and was valued at forty thousand dollars; and there was a necklace of twenty-five pearls, valued at two hundred thousand dollars. A ruby of fifty-six carat and another of twenty-two were greatly admired; not to speak of a bewildering number of very fine gems of less importance.

Such were the crown jewels of France in 1791, the last year of the ancient monarchy. They were many thousands in number and were estimated to be worth two hundred millions of francs. In that year of excitement and terror the revolutionary party were already beginning to think of utilizing those glittering treasures, and were quite determined that the King and his Austrian wife should not carry them off. The royal jewels were much in people's minds in those terrible days, and there were rumors afloat of the arrest of fugitives with trunks full of gems, and of boats floating down the Seine loaded with the most magnificent diamonds.

It was, indeed, time to look after these treasures. During the day of riot and confusion following the tenth of August, 1782, when all authority was suspended, the whole crowd of pickpockets, burglars and tramps of Paris surrounded the Repository where they were kept, and stole nearly every jewel of any value. When order was restored, this wonderful collection had nearly disappeared; the few smaller stones left being worth about forty thousand dollars. Proclamation was made, and proceedings were instituted. In the course of that year, about a million francs' worth were recovered by the police; and, four years after, the superb Regent was found, as it is said, buried in the beam of the attic of an old house in Paris. At least it was recovered by a noted detective, who was afterward promoted to be Chief of Police. Such a diamond would have been of no value whatever to a thief, as it was a familiar object to every person in the world able to buy it.

During the reign of Napoleon, the Regent was inserted in the end of the hilt of his sword of State. Upon his return from Elba, Louis XVIII. carried off the crown jewels, but brought them back again after Waterloo. The value of the collection at the present moment, according to the estimate of M. Turquet, is about four millions of dollars; of which he proposes to sell six hundred thousand dollars' worth. This large sum well invested will yield about twenty thousand dollars a year for the purchase of works of art.

A curious circumstance is that most of the fifty-nine sapphires which decorated the crown worn by Louis XVIII. and Charles X. have been discovered to be false. One of the ancient crowns, which is to be preserved for its historic interest, is composed of five thousand five hundred gems, and there is a sword which is decorated with 1,569 gems.—*James Parton, in N. Y. Ledger.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

AN American, Miss Clarkness, has won the long-sawed-for prize for excellence on the violin, at the Paris Conservatory.

PROBABLY the oldest copy of the Bible in this country is owned by William F. Clay, of Camden, N. J. It was published in London in 1558.

EUGENE SCHUYLER'S "Life of Peter the Great," will be simultaneously published in five different countries immediately after its completion in magazine form.

JULES VERNE, the novelist, has made $250,000 from his writings. He is fifty-one years old, enjoys good health, and works as hard as if he hadn't a cent laid up.

JOHN BRIGHT, the great English statesman, has so great an admiration for Milton's writings that he carries with him wherever he goes a copy of "Paradise Lost."

THE City of Caen is enjoying an exhibition of rare books printed in Normandy, arranged in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of the art into the city.

JOSEPH PARRY, of the University College of Wales, has composed a Welsh opera called "Blodwen, or the White Flower," which is to be produced in Cleveland and Cincinnati this month.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, says the London *Vanity Fair*, "is a learned, kindly, strong, pleasant, honest man. He writes with great quickness and facility, and always with great correctness, that English language of which he is so proud and so fond; and he is personally altogether one of the most delightful of men."

THE Bradford (Yorkshire) *Observer* says that Adelaide Neilson, while nursery maid at Mrs. Padgett's, Hawkhill, Guiseley, in that county, was most attentive to her duties, and very active, never requiring prompting in anything. In her spare time she learned accurately passages from Shakespeare. So determined was she to go on the stage—an intention she often announced to the family she served—that one evening after leaving her employment at the usual hour she started for London. She slept the first night under the trees in Hyde Park, and subsequently got work, in answer to an advertisement, as a seamstress.

HUMOROUS.

PRAIRIE chickens are game to the last.

DOES a person become stone blind who is petrified with astonishment?

A WAG says of a toper: His nose has passed the rubicund.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PARADOXICAL: The person who wishes to stay in this world will avoid the deadly corset.—*Boston Courier.*

ALMOST time for husking bees.—*Ithaca Journal.* We'd just like to see you husk a bee once.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

"YOU can't play that on me!" said the piano to the amateur who broke down on a difficult piece of music.—*N. Y. News.*

HE who has ridden in a country stage-coach knows how cream feels when it is being churned into butter.—*Boston Transcript.*

THERE are hundreds of entertaining writers who would be good historians if they did not know so many things that have never happened.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A CALIFORNIA woman seven feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds broke her heart for love of a little runt of a man, wearing number four boots and leading a poodle by a chain.

"WHAT is meant by the power behind the throne?" asked the teacher. "The sea," replied the smart, bad boy, "which is greater than the king." P. S.—The s. b. b. stayed in after school.—*Hawkeye.*

EVEN a deacon won't say grace when he steps into a railway eating house. He knows that it would be asking too much to request that he be made thankful for anything he will get there.—*Boston Post.*

THAT Spanish baby over which such a great fuss was raised is pug-nosed and almond-eyed, and we can't help but feel glad on't. One baby ought to be as good as another the world over.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"INQUIRER" asks: "Is the Great Eastern the largest vessel ever built?" An impression has got abroad that she is, but such is not the case. The Mayflower, in which the Pilgrim fathers came to this country, was the largest ship that ever plowed the waters. The old furniture scattered over this country brought over by the Mayflower would fill the Great Eastern a dozen times or more.—*Norristown Herald.*

Know My Boy Bill!

AS THE overland express was snorting through Alameda yesterday, on its way to New York, the engineer suddenly whistled down brakes, the conductor frantically shouted and jerked the signal line, and with many a jar and squeak the long line of cars was brought to a stop.

The cause of this "sudden fetchup" was a fat old lady with a red face and a green parasol, who had planted herself squarely in front of the engine, and was making the most frantic signals for it to pause.

"What's the matter? Anything on the track?" said the engineer, excitedly.

"Nothing but me," said the old lady, stiffly.

"Has there been a smash up? Is there—there a drawbridge open?"

"Don't poke fun at me, young man. I want to see the proprietor."

"The what?"

"The man who runs this thing—the captain—or whatever you call him."

"What do you want with the conductor?"

"None of your business. I want to see the head man—the boss—and to onct."

"Well, ma'am," said that functionary, running up, watch in hand, "what's up? What can I do for you?"

"You go through Chicago, don't you?"

"Why, of course. What of it?"

"Know my son Bill—Bill Skinderson—there?"

"No. For Heaven's sake get off the track, you old—"

"Don't sass me, you red-nosed gorilla, or I'll inform on you. Deary me, I thought everybody knew my boy Bill—prominent man there—runs the biggest fruit stand in town, and—hands off, you rascal. Don't dare to tech me. I'll move when I'm good and ready."

"Well, hurry up. What do you want?"

"Oh! thought you'd change yer tune. Well, I wish you'd just stop over a day or two at Chicago and look up Bill and tell him that little Marish Jane's jaunders have kinder worked round into fits and there's more hopes. She's sorter—"

"Start her up, Jimmy!" yelled the furious conductor; and if the old lady hadn't hustled up her skirts and humped herself, she would have had a first-class case of damages against the company. After that she stood apoplectic with rage, shaking her parasol at the disappearing train, and announcing her determination to go right over "and see Governor Standard the very minute the dishes were washed."—*San Francisco Post.*

Timely Help.

There are few parents who are not willing to give their sons a start in life, if they can—to set them up in business, to brood and foster their pecuniary interests until they can manage for themselves. But most parents seem to feel that when daughters have finished their education and become of age there is little more to be done for them. They must marry or become domestic drudges, or mere stay-at homes, looking for no wage for services rendered, and not expected to render any stated services or to receive any fixed or regular income. If they prefer to set up for themselves they must enter upon some occupation which is likely to afford them a present support, without any outlook for the future other than a life-long hand-to-hand struggle for daily bread.

Now, there are a great many girls who are eagerly looking toward the professions open and opening to women, and longing to enter upon fields of activity and enterprise for which they seem to themselves peculiarly fitted. A young woman who aspires to a place as a lawyer, a physician or a writer, and expects to attain it by her own unaided efforts, has a long and weary way to make before she can reach her goal. If she will only teach, or learn telegraphy or some other trade which requires comparatively short preparation, or is supposed to do so, and easily yields a living, it is all well enough. What is the use of bestowing elaborate training upon a young woman in art and science or literature or medicine or the law, when in a few years, more or less, she will in all probability marry and go to housekeeping? To reply immediately. If she marries, her training in art will enable her to make her home beautiful, her training in science to make her home healthful, her training in literature to keep her from sinking into the mere domestic drudge, her training in medicine to rear her children with hygienic wisdom, her training in law to manage her affairs with discretion, and to be her own lawyer in case of her husband's death. Does not the success of a man depend as much on his wife as on himself? A man married but not mated cannot achieve the full, rounded, perfect success that is possible to him whose wife is his companion and equal. Every talent, accomplishment, capability she possesses is so much capital for her in the marriage partnership, and many a woman is compelled to draw on this capital for resources during her husband's life and to depend upon it entirely in the event of his death.

If girls were trained to depend upon themselves for support, and were not socially compelled into ineligible marriages, the number of unhappy mis-called homes would be greatly diminished. If girls were permitted to choose their professions and occupations as boys are, and aided in doing so as many boys are, the title of "old maids" would soon cease to be any more of a stigma than that of "old bachelor" is. And the number of purposeless, morbid, sickly, sour, selfish women would be vastly diminished. No human being can remain normally healthful and yet live a purposeless, idle, unoccupied life. Our girls should be encouraged and aided to be and to do whatever their native instincts and talents qualify them to do. The young woman who aspires to a position in the art world should have every facility given her for attaining it. She who espouses literature should be encouraged to devote herself to literature. And women who have courage and perseverance and faith in themselves are well worth helping because they will not rest till the goal of their ambition is won, no matter what difficulties or discouragements stand in the way.

As cases directly in point we give two or three right out of the Home Interests family, showing in turn the right way and the wrong way of treating up-grown girls. Some time since a Western mother wrote us that her daughter had a passion for modeling, and that she and her husband were disposed, subject to our advice, to aid their daughter's high ambition. The case as stated was clearly promising and orders were sent to this city for models and primary instructions. The next year the daughter was ready for New York, and entered a studio here where she has done such good work that her master, a sculptor of reputation, writes us, "She has a great deal of talent, and if she progresses as she did last season will make her mark."

Another daughter of Western parents, and of the same age, has for years cherished honorable aspirations toward the profession of literature, but her parents, amply well-to-do, insist that she shall enter immediately on the life of a teacher, and make good at once the investments they have made in her imperfect education. It matters not that the peculiar strains of the schoolroom make her an invalid for months after leaving it, or that the whole bent of her mind is in another direction. They will neither give her time nor sympathy in her chosen vocation. Is this wise, just, reasonable? But even they are wiser than another parent who wouldn't let his daughters after they left school do anything toward making themselves an occupation, toward choosing a life work, even toward perfecting the education they had received, but has left them purposeless, objectless and loveless. If a girl is poor she needs of all things to be aided to do what she can do best, and at the same time be happiest in doing. If she is rich she must have an object to devote herself to and bestow herself upon, or she becomes morbid, spiritless, selfish and insane.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Sharp Boy.

AT a late hour Friday night the police found a boy about ten years old sitting on the steps of the City Hall, and when he had been stirred up he explained:

"My name's Johnny Stewart, and I live near Grass Lake. The folks went home last night and left me on the Fair Grounds without a cent. That's just the sort of man dad is. If we don't keep tight to his heels all the time he'll leave us in a strange town dead broke."

"And now what will you do?"

"I'll make the old man sick."

"How?"

"Never you mind. I've got a plan laid to fix him for going back on me."

He walked down to the Central Station and slept in an arm-chair the rest of the night. At an early hour in the morning he walked into the American Express Office and asked:

"Do you run to Grass Lake?"

"Yes."

"Then ship me there C. O. D."

After a few inquiries he was accepted and duly tagged, and when the wagons went down he was among the parcels to be carefully handled. To an inquirer at the depot he answered:

"Dad is counted the sharpest man in our county on a horse trade, but I guess he isn't a great ways ahead of me on this transaction."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE English language is very comprehensive, but the language used by the natives of Finland has more of the real Finnish to it.

IN a Hungarian shanty in Fayette County, Pa., a birth, a death, and a marriage, occurred all at the same time.